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should say that the disposition of women to give too high a place to the personal interests, which with matters are interwoven, and to attach an exaggerated importance to the aspect of things immediately before them, would make them less scrupulous in pushing advantages, and less constantly open to the claims of justice and the interests of long-sighted prudence. And does not experience prove the same thing? Do not business-women, as a rule, exaggerate the defects of business-men? Are not fishwomen worse than fishermen—female lodging-house keepers worse than male ones? Widows are bad; but if you would not be stripped alive, avoid a female orphan. Is not what is called a clever woman of business the most difficult and most disagreeable person to deal with in the whole world? Is not the whole position of antagonistic relations and contest for advantage with the other sex the most perilous to delicacy and simple-mindedness into which a woman enters? The scolding of the house is bad, but that of the market is worse; the coquetry of the ball-room is more fashionable than desirable; but what shall we say of the coquetry of a bargain and sale? Fanny using her fine eyes to sell sea-island cotton to advantage, or Georgy offering you a very white hand to seal terms, which, but for the sake of pressing it, you would never dream of accepting! A well-principled upholder of the rights of women says of course "Fie!" such things are impossible. We grieve to say they are not; and what is proposed is not only that elderly creatures with peaked noses and coal-scuttle bonnets should join in the struggle, but that the world of industry should be equally open to, and frequented by, all women as it is by all men, with one single exception, made by the less thorough-going advocates of the change—the case of mothers with large families of small children and no nursemaids.

The reviewer closes thus:

They are the happiest, and will ever remain so, who can find a place for their activity in administering, or helping to administer, a household; and we do not hesitate to say, in spite of the most enlightened remonstrance, not only that this occupation is more healthy and natural to a woman, but that it is in reality a broader field, calls forth more faculties, and exercises and disciplines them more perfectly than ninety-nine out of a hundred of the industrial vocations out of doors. It is only in the higher branches of superintendence and conduct of business that anything like it can be obtained. Women are in a position to suffer much less than men by the excessive division of labor and the narrowing influence it tends to exert. The greater part of them have a sphere in their own homes, which calls for more varied faculties and higher powers than the unvaried task of the factory or the workshop. Every woman must govern more or less in her own house, or ought to do so; and to govern is not an easy thing, nor are servants and children the easiest things to govern. But the nature of women specially adapts them to govern; not, indeed, by a wise and far-sighted application of general ideas, but by choice of able ministers or immediate contact with the persons governed. Many women, even those whose minds are entirely uncultivated, show a power and a breadth of capacity in administering their household, and controlling into harmony difficult tempers and unruly wills, which few men could rival.

How some artists see with greater subtlety than others; how organic sympathies really govern instead of intellectual fallacies, is well illustrated in the following extract from the *Westminster Review*:

Suppose two men, equally gifted with the perceptive powers and technical skill necessary to the accurate representation of a village group, but the one to be gifted over and above these qualities with an emotional sensibility which leads him to sympathize intensely with the emotions playing amid that village group. Both will delight in

the forms of external nature, both will lovingly depict the scene and scenery; but the second will not be satisfied therewith; his sympathy will lead him to express something of the emotional life of the group; the mother in his picture will not only hold her child in a graceful attitude, she will look at it with a mother's tenderness; the lovers will be tender; the old people venerable. Without once departing from strict reality, he will have thrown a sentiment into his group which every spectator will recognize as poetry. Is he not more *real* than a Teniers, who, admirable in externals, had little or no sympathy with the internal life, which, however, is as real as the other? But observe, the sentiment must be real, truly expressed as a sentiment, and as the sentiment of the very people represented; the tenderness of *Hodge* must not be that of *Romeo*, otherwise we shall have such maudlin as "The Last Appeal." Let us have Teniers rather than Frank Stone; truth, however limited, rather than spurious idealism. The mind of the painter is expressed in his pictures. Snyders and Landseer are both great animal painters, both represent with marvelous accuracy the forms and attitudes of animals; but Landseer is a poet, where Snyders is merely brutal. Landseer paints his dogs, sheep, and stags with the utmost fidelity; he does not idealize them, except in that legitimate style of idealization which consists in presenting the highest form of reality: he makes his animals express their inner life; he throws a sentiment into his groups. Snyders does nothing but represent dogs tearing down wild boars, or animals in a state of demoniacal ferocity. Landseer makes us feel that dogs have their affections and their sorrows, their pride and their whims.

FOREST I.

It soothes our grief, that thou—the child who played
Where Tasso loved and Ariosto sung,
And, on the despot's scaffold, undismayed
Heard, o'er thy youth, San Marco's vespers rung;
Who, in the crypt of the Moravian rock,
Through bitter years of loneliness and pain,
Thy manhood kept unbroken from the shock
Captivity prolongs in heart and brain;
Who, exiled, made thy country's love and lore
So precious here, by patriot lips revealed,
And, loosed from Austria's gyves, upon our shore
Honored the faith thy martyrdom had sealed,—
Beneath thy native skies wert borne to rest,
Wrapt in the flag whose stars illumine the West!

H. T. Tuckerman, in *N. Y. Eve. Post*.

BOOK NOTICES.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF EDGAR ALLAN POE, with original memoir, illustrated. J. S. Redfield. New York, 1858.

This book contains the poetical works of one of the *Infanti Perduti* of genius, illustrated by English and American artists. Of the latter, Darley contributes three, Duggan one, and Cropsey four illustrations, all exquisitely engraved in England. Berket Foster furnishes several designs all marked with that fine taste which distinguishes his works, and which makes books illustrated by him so valuable. Pickersgill and Madot contribute several figure-subjects. As a specimen of typography, this beautiful book is unsurpassed. The initial letters are tastefully drawn and inserted, giving additional interest to its pictorial embellishments. No gift-book of the season is more desirable.